THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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THE FISHERMAN'S CHILDREN.

by, when at last down the winding path came the girl who had often visited the twins in their closet home. She made a pretty picture as she came; her dress was a soft material of light blue; it clung around her as she walked, and her fair hair was tossed about by the wind. She stopped directly in front of the twins, but did not recognize her old friends in their new garments.

She said, "You dear flowers, you have had a long holiday out here in the sunshine, now you shall come with me, that you may do some good in the world."

She stooped and took Lightheart and her sister from their stems. Lightheart sent forth a sweet perfume (which is the flowers' way of smiling), and sweetly said,—

"How I shall love to go with you!"

Grumble said crossly,—"Can't you let me alone?"

But the girl seemed deaf to the voice of the flowers. Many mortals are. Now the twins took their second journey. The girl carried them through many pleasant streets, until at last they turned into one less cheerful than the rest; here she stopped before the door of a small and shabby house. A poor, but neatly-dressed woman came out to meet the young girl, and they entered the house together.

"How is Mamie to-day?" the girl asked.

"A little better, thank you," replied the woman, "but she has been fretting all day for the sight of you, miss."

"Then I am very glad I came. Shall I go right upstairs?"

"Yes, miss, if you will," said the poor woman. So upstairs went the three (the girl and the flower twins), and together they went in at the sick-room door. This room had a bright, cheering look, in spite of the unmistakable air of poverty all around. Several plants with flowers in bloom were in the small window, and on the bed, in a corner, lay the sweetest flower of all, a dear little girl, with a patient look in her pale face. When she saw the girl, a bright smile lighted her wan features, and when her eyes fell on the twins, she gave a faint cry of joy.

"O, you dear Miss Alice!" she cried, "how glad I am to see you! how very, very kind you are to bring these beautiful posies! Do let me take them into my hands. You beautiful darlings, how sweet you are! You will make me feel better, I know."

Then the twins knew the good they had come to do, and Lightheart smiled in her flower way, while for a time even Grumble was stilled. Miss Alice made a long visit, and the sick child was very happy in listening to her cheery voice, and drinking in the sweetness of her gift. Before she took her departure, she placed the flowers in a mug by the bedside.

The twins lived with the child some time, and served to lighten her pain. But, one night, Lightheart said to her sister,—

"I feel quite faint and weak, what can be the matter?"

"I, too, feel quite strangely. I fear that we are going to die."

"Ah!" sighed Lightheart, "I 've had a wondrously happy life, and I am very thankful I have lived long enough to do some good in the world."

But Grumble said,—

"What is the use of being born if one must die!"

In the morning the sick child looked, to find that the little twins had drooped, and faded away in the night time. But the sweet fragrance of Miss Alice's gift lived on in her heart, long after she was restored to health.

A GOOD name is best won by good deeds.

For The Dayspring.

CAMBYSES' CATS.

BY CARLE LIEMER.

ONE bright afternoon in early summer Bessie Lincoln, with three or four of her little friends, threw themselves on the fragrant grass, beneath the spreading branches of an old tree, to rest. They had been playing quite hard, and were over-heated and tired.

"I declare!" exclaimed Bessie, "I have not seen Pussy to-day. I wonder where she's gone," and the child darted off to the house in search of her pet.

It was not long, however, before she returned, bringing with her a huge cat, which, in spite of its struggles, she managed to drag along by the head, and it was a great relief to both when she deposited herself and burden at the foot of the tree.

During her short absence her little friends had been pondering a question too deep even for the wisest, and they immediately appealed to her five years of gathered lore for information.

"Bessie, do you know what God is like? Did you ever see him?" asked Nettie Wayland, in a low reverential tone, as she raised her thoughtful eyes to the clear blue of the sky.

"Yes, lots of times," replied that young worthy, without the slightest hesitation.

"Why, Bessie Lincoln!" cried a small chime of voices, "have you really? What does he look like?"

"Well," replied Bessie, "he looks like a great, great,"—here she stopped, and while smoothing down Tom's back, she gazed into the round eyes of her wonder-struck auditors, with a keen and enjoyable sense of her own importance, then dragging the words out slowly, she continued, "he looks like a great, great — but I shan't tell you what, 'cause it 's a private secret."

"That's real mean," said Nettie, "not to tell after you begin."

"I don't believe you ever saw him, Bessie Lincoln," said Annie indignantly. "Any way you don't love him one bit, 'cause if you did, you wouldn't tell such a wrong story."

"It is very unperlite for you to say that, Annie, 'cause I do love him just as much as I do — Tom, there; and I love Tom with all my might. This much,"—and Bessie gave the cat such a violent squeeze, that his sudden squall of astonishment startled her as well as the rest of the small company.

"I should think you would be ashamed to say such a wicked thing," said Nettie, as Tom, finding no injury was intended, composed himself to sleep once more. Then turning to the youngest of the party, Nettie said, "Here, Lillie, you are the littlest, you came from Heaven the last one; don't you remember what our Heavenly Father is like? Think real hard."

So the little maiden of scarce three summers screwed up her eyes in a vain attempt to think, and after heaving two or three heavy sighs, she said quite despondently, "My tink are all dorn way. Lillie tant merember."

"Lillie can't remember what?" asked Fanny Lincoln, Bessie's older sister. She had entered the gate, and walked up the avenue unperceived, and now stood in their midst, surprised at such sober little faces.

"Oh, Miss Fanny!" exclaimed Annie and Nettie in a breath, "Did you ever see God? Bessie says she has, and she loves him just as much as her pussy cat."

"Why, Bessie dear, what put such a dreadful idea into your head?" asked her sister, seating herself on the grass beside

KEEP ON TRYING.

I WAS sitting one June morning in the open window of a pleasant country house, when I observed a busy wren flying back and forth through the boughs of a large English cherry-tree, bringing bits of wood and grass to the little round hole that she had made in the bottom of the tree, for a place to hide her nest in. After a while she came lugging a burden that looked big enough for two wrens. She had been to the woodpile, and picked up a stick that was longer than she was; and I watched her as she flew up to the hole with it, and attempted to go in just as she had done with the other sticks and bits of grass. I laughed to see how puzzled she was when her burden bumped against the sides, and pushed her back from the entrance. She tried it again and again, with the same result, — fluttering up to the hole, knocking the stick against the sides, and then being obliged to flutter back again.

It was very rude in the ungainly twig, she seemed to think, and the little lady actually looked as if she felt insulted. I almost expected to see her give it up. But no; fastening her foot firmly on the edge of the opening, she placed the stick in a perpendicular position, and tugged at it with all her might to thrust it through, but in vain; then she turned it, and tried it horizontally; but still it would not go in. At last she tried it endwise, and I could not help clapping my hands as it slipped to the bottom of the nest, and the little bird hopped in after it with a kind of provoked triumph in her manner, as if she said, "What a fool! Why didn't I know that before?"

Little boys and girls, learn a lesson from this little bird, and do not give up, but always keep on trying. — *Our Dumb Animals.*

For The Dayspring.

CHIPPY'S SONG.

ROCK-A-BYE, birdies,
Upon the green tree;
When soft blows the wind,
'Twill rock you and me.

The bough will not break,
The nest will not fall,
But make a nice swing
For mother and all.

Hush-a-bye, birdies!
Your mother will keep
One eye wide open
While you are asleep.

Two nice little girls
Have spied out our house,
So you must be still
As any brown mouse.

Their four great big eyes
Come peeping around,
As if some queer thing
They think they have found.

Never mind, birdies,
For mother is near;
The dear girls are good,
And we will not fear.

Rock away, birdies,
Upon the green tree,
In cradle as soft
And snug as can be.

O.

Beware of bad books and bad papers. There are many such; they are of no good use, but do great harm. Ask some one who knows to tell you of the best books. Never buy a book simply because it is cheap. Some books are dear if they do not cost a cent.

THERE is no mean work save that which is sordidly selfish; there is no irreligious work save that which is morally wrong, while in every sphere of life "the post of honor is the post of duty."

For The Dayspring.

PALO'S FRIEND.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

PALO opened the door of an upper back room in the roof of a miserable tenement standing among others, fully as dingy and dilapidated, in the city, and whistled, as he peered into the darkness. A queer little noise and scramble was heard, and a monkey leaped to his shoulder, and patted his face with a dirty paw, trying to say "Welcome, little master," in monkey language which Palo well understood. The boy carried his pet to another room, scarcely better than that he left, dressed "Romeo," as he called his agile companion, and shouldering a small organ, went forth, a sorry looking trio, into the bright sunshine of a lovely spring day.

Romeo, looking on the world from his seat atop of the organ, seemed lost in meditations, sad, if pleasant, perhaps of his leafy home in far away Rio, where, in tangled forests, his race made music of their own in undisturbed solitudes, shared by myriads of birds whose brilliant plumage gleamed in the dusky light as bits of broken rainbows; where close by some stretching marsh the flamingo's scarlet breast lighted a stagnant pool with its fiery glow, while spotted tigers, velvet, flecked with gold, stealthily wound in and out among the shadows: perhaps longing for freedom, if not for home, at all events seemingly dreaming of by-gone days.

Palo likewise dreamed, as he tiredly tramped the crowded streets. His thoughts roamed far away, to where beautiful Venice sits, "Queen of the sea;" there, he had played beneath soft Italian skies, sitting in the sun on the steps of Cathedral and Palace, while processions of priests and soldiers came and went, on gala days, making pictures of gorgeous hues to hang in memory's gallery for ever, while again he saw, over the dark waters of the Grand Canal, black-browed gondolas flit like ghosts in the silver moonlight. Music, warmth, and color, all his memories glowed with these, the very life of those born in the sunny south, and his breath came quick, and his eyes filled, as a great wave of longing swept over his hungry heart.

"Bella Italia! Madre mio!" he murmured, as a sob came tearing its way through the control he tried to keep over his rebellious soul.

Romeo heard the sound, gave a knowing leer up to Palo's face, and perching on his shoulder, rubbed his cheek with a grizzled chin as if trying to comfort his master. Palo took no notice of his endearments; and after a while, as the tears flowed quietly down, Romeo, tired of brushing them away without thanks, crept again to his place, feeling that his time was not yet come, and with more tact than some who should know better in like cases, patiently abided its coming.

The streets broadened, as buildings stood farther apart, and glimpses of green fields, and sketches of sky and distance were released from the grasping hand of town and trade, and after miles of walking, overpowered by fatigue, hunger, and homesickness, Palo flung himself on the grass under a spreading elm, and, laying his head on his folded arms, was soon fast asleep, while Romeo, grimly silent, watched by his side.

Tired at length of his own company, and spying the drooping branches of the tree beneath whose canopy his master was sleeping, reminded, perchance, of various disagreeable attentions from boys that often attended his performances, on hearing a

quick step approaching, Romeo sprang lightly up into the tree, and was directly out of sight, enjoying his liberty.

A man advanced quickly along the highway, looking intently on every side, as if in fear of observation. The organ standing on the ground attracted his attention to the sleeper beside it. To enter an open gate a little beyond, and retrace his steps to where poor Palo slept, and to convince himself that he slept soundly, was but the work of a moment; then he sat down beside him, and taking from his pocket a wallet, looked carefully over its contents. Separating some papers from rolls of bank notes, he carefully concealed the former in the lining of his hat, while he transferred the latter to his pockets; then with a low chuckle of delight, he slipped the wallet, denuded of its contents, under the cover of the organ, while the boy still slept and dreamed of the dear home he so longed to see.

As the man carefully fitted his hat more closely to his head, with a smile of satisfaction, the rattle of wheels was heard in the distance, sounding faintly on the breathless hush of the noon-tide hour. He sprang quickly to his feet, intently listening. As he did so, Romeo, swinging deftly from above, hanging by the tail, reached down and caught the hat from his head, quickly disappearing, hidden by the dense foliage. The man raising both hands grasped his thick hair, but no hat was there! An exclamation escaped his lips, unfit for ears polite; a look of horror overspread his face, as he gazed up into the tree for a moment, whose leaves were unstirred by even a whisper of the breeze; then turning quickly, with a scared look on his blanched face, he fled as if pursued by furies.

Palo still slept on: softly the perfumed air kissed his thin cheek, as he murmured "Madre! Madre!" and only the boom of the spoil-laden Bee was heard through the lingering hours.

Then there came a rapid rush of wheels, and a storm of rudely boisterous voices broke the blissful spell. Palo, dragged to his feet, bewildered and dazed, faint from fear and fasting, was hustled about by rough hands.

"Here he is! Where's your pal? There was two of ye — got any thing in this 'ere orgin?"

"Caught nappin this time, eh?" and as the cover was pushed from the instrument, the wallet came to sight, and was seized by one of the officers with a triumphant shout.

"The very one! I thought we'd ferret him out, this time!" And strong hands held the poor boy as in a vice, despite his assurrances that he knew nothing whatever of the wallet he now saw for the first time. He was jeered at, and scornfully told he must be more careful next time, and throw away all evidence of his skill in pocket picking, while his distress, and broken utterances of his utter ignorance of the matter, was all unheeded. They forced him to the wagon, when, remembering Romeo, he begged to be allowed to take him along. As he whistled a low, musical note, to the surprise of the men who held him, the monkey swung down from the tree, bringing with him a hat. Palo looked as astonished as any one, when Romeo gravely held it out to his master.

The men examined the hat, found the papers hid in its lining; looked at one another, and at the boy. "Phew!" said Bully No. 1, "this is a rum game! This ain't this 'ere chap's fit, no how!"

"Let's try her on," said B. No. 2. "May be his head's as big as his game. Who knows?"

"Haint got brains enough to fill that head piece, I should say," muttered B. No. 3, clapping the article in question on Palo's head, whence it fell to his shoulders, settling the matter decisively, as far as his wearing it was concerned. Turning out the lining again, a name was discovered, and that one well known, as belonging to a desperado, for whose apprehension large rewards had been offered. This discovery was of great interest and importance, but how came the hat in the animal's possession, unless his master was concerned in the matter? So, keeping fast hold of their prisoner, they entered the carriage in waiting, and drove rapidly to head-quarters, in the not distant city.

Investigations there convinced the Chief that the robber must have hidden the wallet while the boy slept, but how the monkey came by the hat was undiscoverable, as he must have known the name would have betrayed him, as surely as his being without a hat would have attracted attention, at the very time it was to be most avoided. Romeo kept his own secret, but Palo thought him quite capable of guarding his master's innocence and integrity in this naughty world, even while he slept; and regarding his deliverance piously, as a mercy sent from Heaven, through the poor creature who often fared well while his master hungered, Palo loved him more than ever.

The Chief of the Police Office was charmed with the intelligence and cunning tricks of the monkey, and offered a large sum for him; but Palo indignantly refused to part with him, saying in his mother tongue, into the use of which he always fell, when excited, "Non ho denaro, ho soltanto un amico! Voglio andare a casa mia! Ah, Romeo! Romeo! poverino!"

(I have no money; I have but one friend! I wish to go home. Oh, Romeo! Romeo! poor little man!)

And clasping his pet in his arms, Palo wept so bitterly that the kind heart of the Chief was touched, and he interested himself so earnestly for the friendless, suffering boy, that ere the midsummer sun crowned the beautiful summer with fulness and perfection, and brought full fledged birds to sing roundelays in the leafy fastnesses of the great elm, beneath which Palo slept one eventful day in early spring, and in which Romeo, the cunning thief, hid with his booty, by means of which another thief was caught, sentenced, and confined, Palo leaned, with Romeo in his arms, over the side of an outward-bound ship, speeding over sparkling waters to his beautiful Venice, homesickness and hunger forgotten, home and loved ones beckoning him to happiness again.

The humblest friend 's a gift indeed —
A friend 's a friend, in time of need.

WASHINGTON was never known to intentionally injure the feelings of another, whether he was a friend or an enemy. In illustration of this trait, an incident is related, referring to the surrender at Yorktown. While the Continental army was preparing to receive the British, who were to march forth from the garrison and deliver up their arms, Washington was heard to remark to his troops: "My brave fellows, let no sensation of satisfaction for the triumphs you have gained induce you to insult your fallen enemy; let no shouting, no clamoring, huzzaing, increase their mortification. It is sufficient satisfaction to us that we witness their humiliation. Posterity will huzza for us."

For The Dayspring.

TORTY GETS INTO BAD COMPANY.

BY REV. NATHANAEL SEAVER, JR.

ANMARIER set the example by going over to the market and asking Mr. Baker for an oyster. Mr. Baker was astonished, but he gave her the oyster, which was raw, and she started immediately for home, where she arrived safely and in tears, for did'nt she fall down in a gutter and run the little fist which held the oyster into the mud and water up to her wrist! She never let go of her prize; she brought it into the house, muddy and smashed, and that told the story; but Mr. Baker told it better afterwards and explained how Anmarier made short cuts across the street by running under the horses instead of around them. When her brother, Torty, afterwards tried running away, he did not have such good fortune. Anmarier was then older, and there was little danger of her getting lost; so she was trusted to take care of her brother, and a very careful and affectionate little nurse she was. When Mr. Wilson, the crier, came by, ringing his enormous bell, and shouting, "CHIIIILD LOOOST," Anmarier always got Torty into a place of safety as quickly as possible; and when the old eastern stages thundered by, she would drag him across the street with both arms around his neck, and land him half strangled on the door-steps. She would have chosen a more comfortable way if she had been strong enough to carry him.

Alas for Torty when Anmarier was sent to Miss Reed's private school! Then, as he had no one to look after him but Aunt Dabby's yellow dog, he celebrated the occasion by getting lost. I do not know what plan he had in mind, but I suspect he went off in search of Ma'am Sherman, who kept a famous molasses candy shop on South Margin Street. That candy was one of the chief delights of antiquity, and the child who was unwilling to get lost for the sake of eating some, was no honor to the "North End." Why! Torty's mother bought it when she was a little girl, and I fancy *her* mother bought it before her, and I know Torty bought it when he was a big boy. — And *such* candy! Two long sticks as big round as your thumb, flavored with sassafras or checkerberry strong enough to make your tongue tingle, and all for one cent! There was richness for you. To this day the old Northenders never mention Ma'am Sherman without reverence and gratitude. Those who read Latin exclaim, "O tempora, O mores!" — whatever that may mean.

I fear Torty went off in search of candy, but he never found any; he didn't deserve to. He only found trouble, as all naughty boys should who don't keep their promises. Didn't he promise Lizzibussy faithfully that he would n't leave the steps, and were n't he and the dog off on their travels in less than ten minutes? The first thing which stopped them was a hand-cart. It was full of apples, and there were several dirty boys watching the man who wheeled it. When he measured out some apples and took them into an alley, each of those boys snatched one and ran; then Torty helped himself to one, and sat down on the curb stone beside the cart to eat it. When the man came out he was angry and made Torty cry; but the apple was so badly gnawed that it could not be sold and was not taken from him, at least not by the man, but it was snatched by one of the dirty boys as soon as the hand-cart was gone. Then Torty had another cry, and he and the dog continued

their travels. They next stopped before a heap of ashes. Seated on it were three or four children, smaller and dirtier than the last, engaged in sifting the ashes through their fingers and pouring them over their heads, a play so novel and attractive to Torty that he joined in it at once with great interest.

He played there so long that the dog got tired of waiting and went home alone, and he played with so much success that his father, who was out hunting for him, actually passed by without knowing him,— which was not surprising. There is no telling how much longer he might have played, and how much dirtier he might have got, if one of Torty's new friends had not put some cinders down his back; then he pushed along, crying again of course, in search now not of Ma'am Sherman but home. He missed the dog and felt a little lonesome, and allowed nothing to stop him again until he came to Commercial street. There he fell in with an acquaintance, Georgie Hilliard, a boy older than himself; but Georgie was too busy with his own amusement to lead Torty home at once. The two went first down to Central wharf to visit the molasses hogsheads, and Torty came away with a varnish of molasses and ashes on his cheeks. Then they came to another wharf where a barrel of redding had been broken open. Master Georgie stumped Torty to rub it over his face; and Torty, who wouldn't be stumped, immediately produced some surprising effects of color on his face and hair, which gave him the appearance of an Indian who had been too lavish with war paint. From that moment he was an object of general admiration and remark on the street, to the great delight of Georgie, who felt like a showman who had captured some rare animal. He put him on exhibition in some stores where he was acquainted, and was in one case paid off in liquorice, of which, I grieve to say, Torty did not get his share.

They had been gradually nearing home, and at last reached the corner of the street where Torty lived. There the two parted company, and Master Georgie ran home in great haste, being much afraid he might be called on to explain.

Torty entered the house out of humor. He had a suspicion people were laughing at him, and he did not like to be laughed at; but who could keep it? Aunt Hanner, and Lizzibussy, and Aunt Dabby couldn't, and Anmarier didn't try to. Everybody laughed but little mother; she was so glad to get her runaway boy back again that she kissed him through the redding, and led him to the basin and washed away the paint, molasses, ashes, and sour looks all at once.

And now let us sum up what Torty earned by running away: —

Six or eight bites of a sour apple.
A box on the ear.
A good scolding.
Ashes in his eyes and cinders down his back.
Molasses in his ears.
Dirt on the molasses.
Red paint over the whole and in his hair.
Lots of tears.
Lost his dinner, and didn't find the candy store.

He never ran away again.

EVERY evil to which we do not succumb is a benefactor. As the Sandwich Islander believes that the strength and valor of the enemy he kills passes into himself, so we gain the strength of the temptation we resist.

BOOKS are the true levellers. They give to all who faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the greatest and best of our race.— *Channing.*

For The Dayspring.

A THOUGHTLESS ACT.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

A SINGLE thoughtless act may cause a world of trouble. Bert was a thoughtless boy. He did not mean to be ugly, but he did not stop to think what he was doing and what consequences might follow. Perhaps he could not reason clearly, for he was deaf and dumb, but had he been blind, he ought to have known better than to have done as he did. His father was a farmer. Down in one of the cattle sheds there was a bumblebee's nest, and Bert had tried a good many times to break it up. But the bees stung him every time. One day he thought of a new plan. He waited till the bees had all settled down and then he struck a match, and set the nest on fire. He probably meant to put out the fire as soon as the bees were killed. But they rushed out and stung him worse than ever, and he forgot every thing but himself and the bees. Soon the shed was on fire. Then two large barns caught from it. Two stacks of wheat were consumed. A fine colt was burned in the stable, because everybody was too much frightened to open the door and let him out. Soon there was a great, ugly pile of ashes where had been two handsome barns, and three good sheds. Bert started a fire that he could not put out, just to break up a bumblebee's nest, and get a little honey. A great many boys are starting a fire they cannot put out. They think it rare fun to take a drink of liquor. They want their fun as much as Bert wanted the honey. But before they know it they have kindled the fire of an appetite that burns within them day and night. It will burn up nearly every thing that is good in them. It will burn up most of their happiness, and perhaps send them down to a drunkard's grave. They do not stop to think of all this when asked to take a drink of some nice-looking liquor. But, boys, whenever you are tempted to take your first glass, remember Bert and the bumblebee's nest, and don't, *don't* start a fire that you may never be able to put out.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

THE September number of the Sunday-School Lessons begins a series on the Life of Jesus. The first of the Lessons for this month is "Introductory;" the second on "The Early Life of Jesus;" the third on "John the Baptist — the Baptism of Jesus;" and the fourth on "The Temptation." The form of the Lessons has been completely changed. The pages are somewhat smaller, but sixteen a month are now given instead of twelve. The questions are in larger type, and the quality of the paper better. We are confident that the Lessons never looked so well, and we advise ministers, superintendents, and teachers to give them a careful examination. Specimen copies sent to any address on application at the office of publication, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

The series of Sunday-School Lessons on the "Teachings of Jesus" has been published in a neatly bound volume of one hundred and twenty pages. It contains forty-three lessons, chiefly on the Sermon on the Mount and the Parables, and its aim, as stated in the preface, "is to make those who use it better acquainted with the mind and heart of Jesus, and to imbue them with his spirit, not to inform them concerning his outward life." The book is sold at the remarkably low rate of twenty-five cents per copy.

Puzzles.

POSITIVE, COMPARATIVE, AND SUPERLATIVE.

My positive is what you do
When you convey some truth that's new.

Comparative is what you are,
When you that truth to men declare.

And my superlative includes
Some comfort for your dreariest moods.

SQUARE WORD.

1. The pleasantest time of the year. 2. A tribe of Indians. 3. A river in Russia. 4. A son of Isaac.

DOUBLETS.

MY DEAR MR. DAYSPRING, — The new game called "Doublets," to which you alluded in a late number, was invented by Mr. Louis Carroll the favorite author of the well-known and loved "Alice's Adventures in the Wonderland," and "Through the Looking Glass." He was requested by some ladies to invent a new game, and his suggestions for this were published last year in London, in "Vanity Fair." It resembles much the games of Logomachy and Battle of Words, so much in favor with us. Your readers may be interested in the rules.

The words given to be linked together constitute "Doublets;" the interposed words are the "Links," and the entire series a "Chain." The object is to complete the chain with the least possible number of links. Each word in the chain must be formed from the preceding word by changing one letter in it, and one only. The substituted letter must occupy the same place in the word so formed, which the discarded letter occupied in the preceding word, and all the other letters must retain their places.

In competition in this game, the person who connects a doublet with the fewest links counts the most, each additional link deducting one from the count. In order to make EEL into PIE, three links are required; for example: —

Eel, e'en, pen, pin, pie.

A list is subjoined in order to try the wits of your readers.

Drive Pig into Sty, in four links.
Raise Four to Five, six links.
Make Wheat into Bread, six links.
Dip Pen into Ink, five links.
Touch Chin with Nose, five links.
Change Tears into Smile, five links.
Change Wet to Dry, three links.
Make Hare into Soup, six links.
Pitch Tents, five links.
Cover Eye with Lid, three links.
Prove Pity to be Good, six links.
Turn Poor into Rich, five links.
Prove Raven to be Miser, three links.
Change Oat to Rye, three links.
Get Wood from Tree, seven links.
Prove Grass to be Green, seven links.

The solutions for these riddles will be given in another number if they cannot be guessed; meanwhile some one may solve them with fewer links.

L. P. H.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN AUGUST NUMBER.

ENIGMA.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

1. L eav E.
2. O rekho V.
3. N or A.
4. G over N.
5. F eelin G.
6. E y E.
7. L oya L.
8. L ev I.
9. O nio N.
10. W illi E.

SQUARE WORD.

S N A G
N O S E
A S I A
G E A R

WE invite attention to "A Service of Thanksgiving," published by the Unitarian Sunday School Society. It is just the thing for a Harvest Concert.

THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

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